

PBR Sonnet

Shall I compare thee to a PBR?  
Thou art far more intoxicating, dear.  
I loathe the time between you being here  
when my poor lips doth dry and crack and scar  
while in vain wishing on the faintest stars  
as we wait worrisomely for the clear  
liquid of thy love to drown all my fears  
seizing you on a horizontal bar  
vagary a lover often nixies  
but a lover true at heart will give in  
to desire and enjoy thee in sixes  
opening my mouth to let thee rush in  
again and again I get my fixes  
I am passed out on the floor in end.

*bella shelley fullwood*

Why can't I make love to your words?  
(for Radley)

Why can't I make love to your words?  
Or your voice?  
The vibrations in your vocal folds  
spark the flint of my soul

I would love to fuck your hello,  
innocently against the weeds in the frontyard  
-muting the yawlps of clovers and dandelions-  
while people too busy in their cars  
naively assume that they are the moaning symphony

I would take your goodbye to bed with me for the night  
it leaves me writhing, pawing at myself  
fighting the decrescendo of a post-coital quiver  
arching and coiling myself like a feisty feline awakened  
by the scent of a ghost fingering the drapes

Your diction makes me raise my habit  
high enough to take my lord's name in vain  
on the altar, in the holy water  
once for every Hail-Mary I should say  
to merely repent for my improper thoughts

*bella shelley fullwood*